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UNITED PRESBYTERIAN MEMORIAL HOSPITAL.

MRS. JEAN S. SANDS, SECRETARY.

THE May number of the MAGAZINE contained a brief account of the reception given by the managers of the Memorial Hospital, on April 4th, at the home of Mrs. W. R. Ford, for the benefit of the hospital.

The souvenir of the occasion contained two interior views of the hospital, which the Magazine Committee asked for, to use in the June number of the MAGAZINE. They also asked for a brief article in regard to the work of the hospital, and we take pleasure in complying with their request and shall endeavor to describe the views.

The ward containing the largest number of beds is called the "Mary S. Fulton" ward, in memory of the wife of Rev. J. M. Fulton, D. D. The lady standing near the door is our matron, Miss A. C. Johnson. She has been with us for some time, and our little patients all seem to love her.

The picture over the mantel-piece was sent by a society in the 7th Church, Pittsburg, in memory of Miss McComb.

The bed nearest the mantel is occupied by a little colored boy. His name is Rolla Lee. He has been in that bed for more than three months. He has hip-joint disease and is quite patient.

On the bed just across we find a little silver plate, and on it is engraved "Edna B. Steele King's Daughters, 4th United Presbyterian Church, Allegheny."

Just beside this bed we see a little girl sitting in a nice rolling chair. Her name is Martha Shortcoat, thirteen years old. She came to us last November. Shortly after she was admitted she had one of her toes taken off, and she is being treated at present for curvature of the spine. The rolling chair was sent here by the King's Daughters of the Southwestern State Normal School, California, Pa. Another rolling chair has engraved on its silver plate, "Grace Morrow." There is a small table just beside Martha and there is a large bunch of lilies on it.

The next bed is a large brass bed, and it was sent to the hospital by the King's Daughters of the Third Church, Pittsburg, in memory of Jennie May W. Hultz.

The next is the "Good Will Mission Band" bed (of the First United Presbyterian Church Mission, Allegheny), and

is occupied by Herbert Ashton. He has a very sore arm, the result of vaccination.

The next one is the "Fulton Mission Band" bed. This band is part of the working force of the Fourth Church, Allegheny. It is occupied by Harold Douglass, who has a bad attack of stomatitis.

The bed in the foreground of the picture is the "Verona Mission Band" bed, and a little girl named Lillie Wright sleeps in it at present.

It you look real closely to the right of the picture, in the foreground, you will see a lady with a white cap on. That is our nurse, who is holding a little boy on her knee. We are sorry you cannot see the beautiful brass bed on her left. On its silver plate we find the name "Florence Stevenson."

The little girl sitting beside the nurse is Lillie Wright, and she has rheumatism. The little boy sitting on the floor, next to Lillie, is Henry Copman, who is four years old, and is suffering with hip-joint disease. He has been playing with some paper dolls; you see them just beside him. Henry could not walk when he first came and was obliged to stay in bed five months. He walks now, but not as well as we hope he will before we dismiss him.

There is a little boy, sitting on the floor, on the other side of the dolls, who moved a little and of course the picture is not clear. He is awaiting an operation. His name is Andrew Ludwig.

The bed you see just back of Henry is a neat and beautiful brass bed sent by the Women's Missionary Society of the Eighth Church, Pittsburg, in memory of Mrs. Ella Sheppard-Brown. It is occupied by the most patient sick child we have ever had—Willie Galloway. He has an abcess on the neck.

The bed at Miss Johnson's left is the "Sue A. Burchfield" bed. It is white and gold, and is occupied by one of the brightest little boys we ever had. His name is Charley Mackey, and he is suffering with prolapsus recti.

The door beside which Miss Johnson is standing, leads into the matron's room. It was furnished by the Women's Missionary Society of the Fifth Church, Allegheny.

The nurse's room leads from this ward and also the bath room. The bath room has a nice open fire-place in it, and can be used the coldest day in winter. There are five large windows in this ward and a door leading to the porch, which surrounds the entire side and one end of the building. The floor is stained walnut color, and nice rugs are placed here and there throughout the ward. The picture gives but a faint view of this pleasant ward and we wish we had the space to tell you of much that is interesting in regard to it.

The picture of the ward having but two beds in it is our Surgical Ward. It was furnished by Mrs. Jos. F. Neely in memory of her mother. You can read the name, or at least part of it, over the mantel—M. Jane Patterson.

The lady standing by the bed is our nurse, Mrs. Bertha G. Ferry. She is very loving and patient with the sick children. Mrs. Ferry is standing beside a beautiful brass bed, large size, sent by the "Willing Workers" of Ingram, Pa., in memory of Mrs. Eliza J. Duncan. It is occupied by Howard Cornell, who is suffering with stomatitis.

The other bed has on its silver plate "Willing Workers, Bellevue, Penna." The little girl with the book in her hand is Lillie Wright.

There are two large windows in this ward and a large linen closet. The table in the corner, with the vase of lilies upon it, is the operating table. It is solid oak and on the front is a small silver plate with the names of Jeanetta Grove, Mary De Camp and Catharine Sterritt engraved

upon it. They held a "parlor fair" some years ago, and with the proceeds bought this table. The top of the table lifts up, and when the little patient is placed on it the head can be raised to the required height. A short time ago Andrew Ludwig, a little boy five years old, was placed on it. He was admitted last November. His knees came together so closely that his feet turned out, and he walked with great difficulty. His mother is dead and he has no friends who come to see him. Six physicians gathered around the table, four of our staff, a specialist, (Dr. Kelly) and a physician from one of our large hospitals. They were obliged to break the bones in both legs. We went to see him two days ago and found him smiling and happy, in bed, ready to play with his toys and giving hope that the operation will be a success.

We wish we could give you a view of our contagious ward. If they could but see it, we feel sure every woman and child in our church would be eager to send us a contribution of money to help get a better place to treat our contagious cases. When the hospital was built this ward was intended for the attic, but so often we have a patient in the surgical ward, and a number of them in the "Mary S. Fulton" ward, that we dare not take a child suffering with the most simple contagious disease into either of the wards. We have a small bath room partitioned off, and everything is as clean as it can be. The walls all through the hospital are painted and varnished, and the floors are stained and varnished. After every contagious case we are obliged to fumigate and wash down walls and paints, taking every precaution to prevent the spread of the disease. In this ward we find the "Mary E. McMillan" bed, from the "Willing Workers, Third Church, Xenia, Ohio;" and the "Do what you can" band of East Palestine, Ohio, has provided a bed.

We have no doubt the inquiry has come to your mind, "What is done with the convalescent children?" "Where is their ward?" Our answer, we have no convalescent ward and work is doubly hard because of it. Just imagine, in our homes, when our sick children are recovering from illness, that we ask them *not* to laugh outright or call for a book or toy, or do any thing that will in any way disturb the other children who are still too ill to bear the slightest noise. Some of us would think it cruel to restrain them from any evidence of returning health, but until we have a convalescent ward, our work will be very hard, as nurse and matron spend valuable time trying to keep our convalescent ones quiet but yet happy.

During the past six months more patients have been received and cared for than during the whole of the past year. We admit any sick child, white or colored, no matter what may be the religious belief of those having charge of it. Our hospital is not local in its work. Children requiring hospital treatment will be received from any part of our church. Applications for admission can be made to C. Jane Vincent, M. D., 156 North Avenue, Allegheny, Pa.

"There is no doubt that relief of an aching body prepares the way for the healing of a deseased soul."

"It is the most hopeful sign of this most hopeful age that the thought of every man and woman who thinks at all, is set towand the betterment of human beings. We women are the great Home Guard, to whom the world at large is turning wistful eyes for help, and blessing, and uplift."

AN EGYPTIAN (R)EVOLUTION.

BY SARAH BIERCE SCARBOROUGH.

PART I.

BEFORE Cordelia Lanning married Rev. Elmer Pardew, she had been known to be a woman of ideas, which at times took a startling range to the inexpressible dismay of both friends and acquaintances. As Mr. Pardew was similarly equipped, the result after the union was most naturally more ideas, to be succinct; and they took an entirely unexpected trend.

This was due to the fact that Mr. Pardew had long felt it borne in upon him that his mission in the world was that of a reformer, and when the connubial yoke was adjusted to the shoulders of these two he was only more hopelessly confirmed in the belief, while Mrs. Pardew accepted in its length and breadth the marital idea of what is meant by "help-meet."

Mrs. Pardew was a strong believer in her husband, and as it is said that it takes a strong believer to make a good leader, she became a living example of the saying as she took the reins in her own hands, driving wherever Mr. Pardew's reform winds did list.

Along the whole line of reforms that the age held out so temptingly to view, none had so appealed to this couple as the field of missions. Its diameter and circumference suggested an inexhaustible fertility which, taken with their conviction of their own capability and adaptibility for the work, was most strenuously enticing.

"You see," Mrs. Pardew argued at the missionary society meeting, "there is no end to the work that may be done along that line. It is the bounden duty of every member of the church not only to see that good men and women go to reap the harvest, but that in the reaping there are no seeds sown that may spring up into everlasting discomfort and disgrace to the church."

"What do you mean by that?" queried Miss Armor.

Miss Armor had but recently returned from a foreign land. In fact both India and Egypt had been ministered to by herself and her brother for a period of years, and she was anxious, naturally, to know what possible seeds such earnest laborers could have let drop.

"Simply this, my dear sister," replied Mr. Pardew blandly for his wife—for his presence as pastor had been welcomed at the meeting—"as we are all of us creatures of flesh and blood and subject to the temptations that come to such beings, we let the dust in us very often triumph over the divinity because we cannot or will not see the temptations through the guise they assume—a guise that appeals to our carnal natures."

Miss Armor moved uneasily. Her mind went rioting over that series of eastern spent years, seeking the weak places where she could have stumbled and fallen. She winced as she remembered the few tokens for friends, some of them right before her, bought at exorbitant price, even after hours of haggling, when she felt that her Master's work was calling to her for attention instead. She sighed as she thought of her zeal without knowledge that impelled her to throw herself without reserve right into the van of work before she was prepared for it, climatically speaking, but her self-inquisition was cut short.

"It is," continued Mr. Pardew after a brief pause, during which the members

of the society began gravely to nod their heads in approval of his statements. "It is that so many succumb to the oriental idea of ease of body—to the possession of servants, to the gratification of appetite for luxuries, to the accumulation of the treasures of this world, treasures that we do not deny are desirable, but look at the example!"

Miss Armor felt another twinge of self-condemnation. She remembered a low inlaid table, not more than an ottoman to American eyes, but which had served her long for a stand because it was all she could get at the time, as home articles would have cost fabulous sums. Then there was a rug, bought at a bargain by a faithful servant, but all these were in her possession still, and she could not gainsay it nor explain them away, meanwhile the world of course would declare her *particeps criminis*.

"Yes;" Mrs. Pardew took up the argument, "rag carpets, plain tables, the spirit that must wait on self and not call for indulgence through servants, the subduing of the palate to a board stripped of luxuries and the determined use of one's two good feet supplemented by a vigorous determination to conquer will work wonders."

"And," added Mr. Pardew, who saw by the faces before him that the iron was hot, "our good church missionary money—salaries larger than we get here," he sighed unconsciously, "money that should not be squandered, spent so foolishly, not to say sinfully. Why I learn that very few of our good missionary brethren put by anything for a rainy day—use up their substance and expect when superannuated to be supported, or leave families dependent upou church charity. But it is not surprising that they do not save a cent. I should even be in debt if I kept servants, feasted and lived as so many do."

There was a moment's silence. Then the President of the society spoke with a solemn shake of the head.

"Yet that is what we hear of most of our missionaries who are there. They live so different from what they did at home. Isn't it possible that there is something in heathendom that drags one down? They succumb or they return or ——." She stopped simply because she had nothing else to say, but a clear young voice finished the sentence for her.

"They die, don't they, sometimes?"

The speaker's demure tone was belied by a pair of sparkling eyes. Mr. Pardew's niece, Sophy, was a gay worldling of twenty, whose glance traveled sympathetically to Miss Armor's flushed face.

"We who have been there think we do for the best," Miss Armor gently interjected as Sophy's inopportune ending was ignored.

"The spirit should be superior to the intellect. It is not what we think, but what we know is right, and I know." With this daring psychological analysis Mrs. Pardew, with sublime self-assertion, swept both observer and observation into temporary oblivion.

"Mrs. Pardew, why do not you and Mr. Pardew enter the field? You are the very leaven we need?" suddenly questioned a member.

It was a timely watering of a hidden seed which found itself stimulated into such wonderfully active growth that it was a plant full grown and budded by the next meeting when a call came for more missionaries. Rev. Elmer Pardew and his wife eagerly presented themselves.

It was an opening they long had sought, and while they had not exactly mourned because they had hitherto found it not, they certainly did some private rejoicing when it was found.

"For there is no telling what people may do who undertake revolutions, social, economical, ecclesiastic or political, borne

on by the spirit that actuates Mr. Pardew and myself," Mrs. Pardew confessed with becomingly modest enthusiasm.

"And there is no telling what people may do when borne on by the spirit that actuates such as me," added Sophy, mischievously.

And both were right.

"You see, Sophy will accompany us," Mrs. Pardew took pains to explain with solicitous apology for Sophy's flippant speech. "Her health demands a change of climate, her worldliness an example of self-sacrifice, such as we propose to furnish, and her ideas a complete revolution akin to that we trust ourselves able to bring about in mission work."

As Sophy was drooping from the effects of late hours and general dissipation incident upon a whirl of society of two years standing, and as she also had an affliction of ideas as much her own as those her relatives claimed unto themselves, it was reasonable to conclude that such a contemplated change must be productive of some effects somewhere. Again both were right.

"You will hear from us at length as soon as we are settled and have had time to accomplish some things we have set out to do," was the somewhat indefinite assurance that Mrs. Pardew gave the friends she left behind.

"Good-bye, my dear Miss Armor," said Sophy calmly upon the heels of this statement. "It will be a long time before you hear from us."

The new missionaries were going to Egypt to be stationed at Z——, an old station which would be the place best fitted for reforms as they mentally decided, and congratulated themselves accordingly.

"If we carry out our plans and effect a change in Sophy, it will be a grand work aside from the rest," Mrs. Pardew whispered with a confident air as they set foot upon the soil of Egypt. The "if" brought a slight shade of perplexity to Mr. Pardew's face.

"What is there to hinder?" he rather testily asked. "We have decided what to do, we came to do it, we will do it. The force of example will be seen and felt. As for Sophy really, ———."

He stopped. Perhaps it was Sophy who had interjected the idea that brought out that "if." Both remembered that before they had reached Cairo, Sophy had taken occasion to proclaim glibly some shocking views.

"As if she were a born heathen Moslem and knew not a whit better," groaned Mrs. Pardew.

"I am going for a change," Sophy said to a fellow traveler. "I am feeling very *blase*. One thing, however, will be novel—the harems. I intend to visit all I can gain access to. I think it must be perfectly delightful to live in one of them. I've read ——"

"Sophy Pardew, you know nothing whatever of harems, despite your reading." Mrs. Pardew had severely interrupted her, and she had added at the first opportunity. "It is simply scandalous for a girl born in a Christian land, of Christian parents, to descant upon such a topic in such a way."

"Now, Aunt Cordelia," Sophy had persisted with placid incorrigibility. "I must have my view, and you can't deny it is an easy sort of life—pretty dresses and a general *dolce far niente* existence as the Italian says—one of sweet-do-nothingness—not even the trouble to think. I should think you would not care. In a harem I probably wouldn't be troubled with views."

"Sophy Pardew!" Mrs. Pardew began to feel from that moment that she might possibly have undertaken too much. She had helplessly fixed a horrified gaze upon the thoughtless girl as she said feebly, "Do stop your thinking now."

"But I can't," retorted the imperturable Sophy. "I do have a pretty good opinion of the Turk."

"But you can't compare one to a Christian," hastily protested Mrs. Pardew.

"Perhaps; but there was Mahomet Ali, he was incomparable." She stopped to laugh at her own witticism.

"Mahomet Ali was converted and taken to America to be educated," replied Mr. Pardew sternly.

"I wonder how it seemed to him to have to eat what we did," Sophy broke out suddenly with seeming irrelevance.

"Why he became used to it, just as he should. He could not have expected to live differently from us. He used to try to fix up some dishes of his own I know, but I am sure they cost him generally much more than our food. Very foolish indeed; I also look for him to fritter away time from study concocting such things, especially when he was helped by missionary money. What are you laughing at, Sophy?" Mrs. Pardew once more safe at her moorings, accompanied her sharp interrogation with a glance of suspicious inquiry.

"Nothing, only people are so funny," was Sophy's non-committal reply, still smiling as she munched some dates, then "Well I may learn to adore olives, but now I simply don't, to speak mildly. I can be content to revel in such things as these."

"But Sophy you must understand we shall countenance no extravagance. It is our creed, and coming with this purpose in view, everything must bend to it. No luxuries. We will live simply—as we did at home."

She was conscious of a feeling of annoying vexation that Sophy should break forth into a peal of immoderate laughter as she concluded. It was a serious matter with herself, and such frivolous treatment she abhorred. For the time she felt silence and withdrawal to be the best and most dignified reply, so she was spared the favorite quotation of that young woman, relating to "Consistency" and "Ephraim," which Sophy mumbled as she was left alone.

"I expect I am going to be a trial," the latter murmured, "but I wonder if it would be considered sacrilege to knock down a few of Aunt Cordelia's idols. But fruit I am going to have—mine does not come out of missionary money."

Mrs. Pardew on her part was saying to Mr. Pardew, "If ideas grew in Egypt I should say that Sophy is partaking altogether too freely. Where will they lead her?"

Despite this little episode which had made both feel an uneasy burden, the two new missionaries were not long in getting settled preparatory to the unsettling they had in mind. As soon as the former was in a small degree accomplished with the help of their fellows workers, and as soon as Mr. Pardew became at all familiar with the ins and outs ot the long narrow streets and the equally narrow shops, they came to the conclusion it was high time for a beginning at the latter.

Sophy had given no further trouble. So far she had been entranced with the quaintness of it all—the irregular dwellings, the curious doorways, the flat roofs, the mosques, the bazaars, the water carriers, the women with their veils—everything appealed to her sense of the picturesque. She had not glanced as yet at the misery, the squalor, the distress, the crying needs of the people. She was simply in Egypt, in the land of old Pharoahs, of obelisks and pyramids, of tombs and ruins, and she was enjoying it all immensely.

"Let her alone," Mr. Pardew had advised when Mrs. Pardew had remonstrated. She thought that Sophy should show more interest in their work, but she felt in her inmost soul that she had

no time or strength to contend with Sophy, so she answered: "I suppose I have enough to do. I never saw such arrangements for housekeeping. But," her masterful spirit rising to the occassion, "I propose to conquer and to change things."

"If you cannot, no one can," Mr. Pardew replied, and he believed it just as a good follower should. Then, too, he had begun to experience a vague sense of the futility of some things they had planned under his wife's assurance of victory, and he was more comfortably fortified.

Sophy said but little. She had money of her own and her planning had resulted in hiring some one to wait upon herself, though Mrs. Pardew begged her to consider her ways, as she was in a missionary's family. But she had remarked, "When you are in Rome, do as Romans do. Why not in Egypt?"

"Because Egypt isn't Rome," Mrs. Pardew feebly remonstrated, whereupon Sophy was daring enough to reply, "Fiddlesticks! Because I am not you, Aunt Cordelia?" Then the revolt began.

"Mrs. Allen keeps two servants, a cook and a door keeper," Mrs. Pardew said, "besides, the girls who do housework about the mission's school room. She does not even use a dust cloth."

Sophy smiled. "I met Mrs. Allen going out to one of the harems to-day. She wanted to see Mahomet's wife."

"I haven't seen any time since I came to go anywhere," plaintively said Mrs. Pardew, diverted for the moment from the other grievance. "I don't seem to be able to do more than to get our meals and see to things —a very small thing at home but not here. Not that I am anxious about harems," she hastened to the end as a recollection came to her.

"But I am," pursued Sophy. "I went with her yesterday. It was my first opportunity. They live in a delightful quarter and everything is so queer. I had some of the most delicious coffee, served in the loveliest china."

"Sophy, don't you go there again without me." Mrs. Pardew felt some way that her presence would be a saving influence against she knew not what.

"Why, I should never go," Sophy shrugged her shoulders.

"I could have gone to-day, but your uncle has not yet come home. He has been gone since morning."

"Where did he go?"

"He went to buy a rug and some matting," Mrs. Pardew answered with a little hesitation, quickly adding, "You know matting is so cheap here and these tiled floors are so dusty; it seemed as though we ought to have one rug too, and your uncle proposes to do all the purchasing rather than let a servant do it. You know that we did not come here to waste missionary money on servants to do work or to buy necessaries for us. I do wish," she fell back on the old theme, "that you would be less independent and do as I am doing."

"Really," said Sophy slyly, "you don't want me down with a headache and a backache like yours now, do you, sweeping with those ridiculous, short-handled little apologies for a broom? I came for health and a change. I swept and cooked at home. I never could do the latter here with all this strange paraphernalia for work. I'll lend you Achmet for dinner. He'll get it."

"I'll not have him," decisively answered Mrs. Pardew, but her voice trembled.

"No compulsion," laughed Sophy. "But," compassionately, "Aunt Cordelia, let me conjure you to lie down, and I'll even wield the objectionable broom for a minute; just lie down."

Mrs. Pardew gladly allowed herself to be persuaded. She was tired and worried. She had frittered away a portion of the morning buying a bit of meat, for

which purchase she was obliged to take Achmet as a companion, for no woman shops alone in Egypt, but she had compensated for that by sternly repudiating any of his aid in the transaction. As a result she had come home with an uncomfortable suspicion that had developed into a certainty that she had been cheated, as she reviewed it with a brain a little clearer on the subject of eastern money, and now she had a most unpleasant suspicion that her purchase would never taste as it did at home, even if she did cook it, and she did want some home cooking. Then she was worried about Mr. Pardew. She knew he had planned to work in the schools that day. She knew his usually systematic ways could not allow him to forget the purchases, and she smiled a sort of pitiful smile as she looked at the floors and thought of rag carpets.

She was drifting off into sleep with some hazy notions of what Sophy was doing when she was recalled by a hoarse voice.

"Cordelia, here's your rug."

She gathered up to a sitting posture, pressing her hands to her throbbing temples as a small boy deposited it almost at her feet, shocking her into a series of exclamatory interrogations.

"Mr. Pardew, what is that boy doing here? Couldn't you carry home a small rug; What have you been doing? Where have you been? Where is the matting?"

"Mrs. Pardew;" Mr. Pardew's voice had a rasping accent as he kicked open his purchase, "that boy came because I would't carry it, and as for what I've been doing, I believe I went to buy a rug and some matting; just let me say there's the former, and if you don't get the latter till I buy it, you'll not see matting till you return to America. I could furnish a house there sooner than I can buy a rug in Egypt."

"Elmer Pardew! What is the matter with you?" Mrs. Pardew asked faintly.

"Nothing," firmly replied Mr. Pardew, gathering strength, "only I am another being. I'm worn out getting that one article—worn out in body, mind and spirit. I've squatted upon a mastabah until I'm stiff trying to bargain for that thing; I've talked till I don't know a piastre from a faddah. As for khamseh faddahs, saadeeyehs and the like, I should be a raving lunatic if I had them to encounter soon again.

"Elmer Pardew!" Mrs. Pardew could only faintly repeat the exclamation, with a sensation that she was not half so shocked at the evidently gross exaggeration as she would have been twenty-four hours before. "What did you pay for it?" she asked huskily, as her own morning's experience loomed up before her.

"It took the "kees' as the rascals call it—my purse, in plain English—$25 madam, and if I'd had it I expect they would have taken the 'khazneh;' the treasury. Oh, yes," he laughed shortly, "I know them all; after this experience; my vocabularly is certainly broadening."

"Never mind, uncle," put in Sophy soothingly, "dinner is ready. You'll all feel better if you eat. You know it takes time and strength, so all say, to buy anything in Egypt."

As for Mrs. Pardew she groaned aloud. "Twenty-five dollars of good missionary money for a rug, and a rug that could have been bought at home for half that amount. What would they say at home?"

"It strikes me they would say you had better leave your buying to those who know how. Have some mutton, Aunt Cordelia?"

Neither of the couple answered back, and both forgot to ask who prepared the meal, who cooked the mutton, and how they came to have fruit and olives, for which last Mr. Pardew had, unfortunately for his resolutions, found himself

especially fond.'

When Mrs. Pardew did think of it, it was to say, "I'll not indulge in any more luxuries. I must do penance for this, but I did not know that I should like olives too, and I forgot that such fruit was a luxury at home." But she had a feeling that she was glad Sophy had taken one meal off her hands.

"I feel very humiliated," she said to Mr. Pardew that night. "I don't seem to be doing anything as a missionary." Her self-conviction pursued her to her couch, and the last thing she murmured was, "Twenty piastres for fifty cents worth of meat and $25 for a $10 rug, and missionary money at that."

But she was startled into another hour of wakefulness when her husband murmured somewhat fiercely in reply, "Count in a missionary's whole day thrown away into the bargain."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INDIAN FESTIVALS.

BY REV. J. A. SPEER, SINEMASHO, OREGON.

A GREAT many festivals are observed by our Warm Spring Indians. While some combine amusement, sociability and religion, others are wholly of the latter character. It is a fact worthy of mention that while these Indians at times separate pleasure or amusement from their public and private gatherings, they never omit religion, but always allow it a prominent place. Some of their feasts are of a public character and are annually observed by the entire tribe, while others are more or less private and observed only when occasion calls for them. Chief among the latter are the marriage feast, which occurs usually some weeks after a couple have been united in marriage, and is held alternately at the former home of the bride and groom, and the pot-latch or gift-feast, which is given by persons who have passed through a season of mourning, and is usually observed in from three months to a year after the death of the friends for whom mourning is made. All near of kin are expected to attend these festivals, while anyone may attend and participate who chooses. During the pot-latch feast, gifts are distributed to all the friends on behalf of the deceased, which not unfrequently takes nearly everything of value the surviving friends possess. We have had frequent calls to assist persons in preparing for this distribution of gifts. This, of course, we decline to do, with the explanation that we reserve our gifts of food and clothing for the worthy who are in actual need. Chief among the public festivals are New-Years, Fourth of July and Lukes, or First-fruits. The first and second of these may continue for one, two or even three weeks, while the third lasts but a day. The chief always presides, and in the protracted feasts the Indians remain day after day till he closes the services by a formal address and dismisses the assembly.

The closing services are quite formal. All are formed in a circle, the drums begin to thump rather slowly, and at the tinkle of a bell all join in singing. The drummers begin to beat a little more rapidly, the singing becomes louder and all begin to jump, keeping time with the drums. At first it is an up and down motion, but soon each one begins moving a little to the right at each upward spring. This is dancing according to In-

dian fashion, but not exactly promiscuous, for men and women are in different parts of the circle. The dancing continues till one or more revolutions are made, owing to the extent of the circle and the power of endurance. All the while the movements are becoming more rapid and the singing is growing louder until the latter breaks into a prolonged and hideous yell, and all is quiet. In a little while the chief rises from his seat of honor, advances to an opening in the circle, and in true oratorical style delivers a parting address and declares the festival ended. Next is a general hand-shaking all around, and on retiring from the tent each one advances to the door, turns around, faces the chief, makes a low bow and passes out. The Sabbath day or days included in the festival season are regarded as specially holy, and the entire day is devoted to their own religious forms.

They willingly enough come to the mission chapel for the Sabbath services, except during their feasts, when their own religious forms must hold sway. When I have visited their camp on these days they have invariably asked me to speak to them, although on one or two occasions they have asked me not to talk very long, as their services were lengthy. I find it better not to antagonize their services. I have therefore never insisted upon them coming to the church on those particular days, and when I go to their camp at such times I quietly wait until the chief invites me to speak. In this way I have avoided giving offence and have always secured a very respectful hearing. The feast in which they all feel an especial interest is held in the Spring time, and in connection with the first gathered roots of the season. There are certain wild roots which form an important part of the Indian's food supply for the entire year. At the close of winter, when their stock is running low, all are anxious to commence on the new crop, but no one is at liberty to dig roots for private use till the annual feast has been observed. I have called it the Lukes feast, for that is the name of the root which is first ready for use and constitutes the chief dish for the occasion. When the proper time comes for harvesting these roots, a few Indian women selected for the purpose go out and dig a quantity and bring them to the chief's tent, where they are crushed or ground, I suppose by a similar process as the Jewish women grind their grain in Palestine, in a wooden or stone trough and with the stone hammer. This mortar is mixed with water until about as thin as porridge, when it is ready for use. The day is set for the feast, and the Indians are all summoned to attend and participate. It is a religious feast, and is accompanied with praying, singing, dancing and speaking. All the services are orderly, serious and impressive. This feast has invariably been held on the Sabbath, and heretofore no one would come to our church services on that day. This year, however, a departure was made from their usual custom, which to us is very significant and gratifying. A few days before the feast, which was lately held, I was told by an Indian that the chief had notified them the feast would this year be held on Saturday, so all the Indians might attend church on Sabbath. A message came, however, summoning the chief and other prominent Indians to the agency on Saturday. This, of course, put a stop to the feast for that day, the agency being twenty miles distant, and a summons from the agent must not be disobeyed. All things being ready, the feast was observed on Sabbath as usual. This was a great disappointment to us, as we were fully expecting this most desirable change.

Sabbath school was conducted as usual,

and I was about arranging to visit their camp at the regular hour for preaching service. But imagine our surprise, just shortly before the hour of service, to see the Indians come in a body, led by the chief and principal men. Promptly every pew in the church was filled and nearly all the available space on the floor with as respectful and attentive an audience as I ever addressed. I aimed to hold a thanksgiving service, taking God's goodness to us as my theme. At the close of the services, as usual, the Indians remained in their places for a short time, talking among themselves and also giving me an opportunity to pass around and shake hands with them. Then they returned in a very orderly way to the camp of the chief to complete their feast.

In order to understand the significant importance of this departure from a time-honored custom, one needs to know something of the superstitious reverence these people have for ancestral habits and forms. Especially is this true of religious rites and customs. In this, as in many other things, we are impressed with their close resemblance to the Chinese, who really worship their ancestors.

So these festivals, handed down as they are by former generations, are to-day regarded as very sacred, and any deviation from them is to us very encouraging, and shall be accepted as a hopeful promise for the future.

WHY AM I A MEMBER OF THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY?

BY MRS. S. A. ROGERS.

Paper read at the Presbyterial meeting of Sidney Presbytery at Bellefontaine, O., April 3, 1895, at the close of the discussion, "Do we need a Missionary Society?" Published by request.

WE have just heard that we need a missionary society. Now we have personal responsibility in the matter or the importance of becoming members. The first Women's Missionary Society was organized in 1870. Hence this year is the silver anniversary. In April, 1879, the Northwood society was organized. An article in the constitution reads thus, "The Missionary Society is established for the purpose of uniting the efforts of the women of the church for raising funds to support home and foreign missions, also to instruct the children of the congregation to do what they can in the work of the Lord, thus early training them to assume the responsibility resting fully upon each member of the church." I am a member, because I think it is my duty to obey the voice which said, "Go, work today in my vineyard." He who said, "The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few, pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that he would send forth laborers into his harvest" said also, "Go ye, therefore, into the vineyard, and whatsoever is right I will give you." Those who pray "Send forth more laborers" should be ready to go, if the Lord so directs, or should be willing to help support those who do go. The rewards are two-fold, present and future. There certainly is a happy feeling at the close of a day that is faithfully spent in his service. Have you heard of the reflex influence of missions? Have you ever felt a pleasure in being able to do something for a poor and needy one? Have you ever felt the inspiration that comes from being a member of the society? Then you know something of the present rewards of being enabled to spread the good news of salvation. We learn of the future rewards in Jesus' words to Peter in answer to his question

when he said "Lo, we have left all and followed thee; what shall we have therefor?" "Verily I say unto you, there is no one that hath left houses, or lands, or brethren, or sisters, for my sake and the gospel's, but shall have one hundred fold in this present life, and in the world to come life everlasting." "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." I am a member of the society because I believe the Lord will have his word proclaimed in all the world and to every creature. His word commands it. "Go teach all nations."

Dr. Broadus says one object of the society is to teach the women and children of the church that missions are a reality by teaching them to know the mission fields, the missionaries, and the results of missions. Certainly this is a grand and glorious work that the Head of the church has made it not only our duty, but our high privilege to be co-laborers with him in his vineyard. "This honor have all his saints," and we should each have a part in this work by becoming members of the society. We must not sit down and fold our hands while the starving millions are perishing for lack of the bread of life, but be up and doing while it is called today. A recent writer gives the object of the society as three-fold: To give enlargement and contentment to thousands of Christian women at home; to contribute toward the evangelization of heathen women and children, and to send to the foreign field lady missionaries, giving them not only temporal but moral support, by womanly sympathies and prayers. And our work may be as clearly and effectively done for missions as if actually in a mission field. All may not be alike able to give, but we are to do what we can, and are required to give as the Lord hath prospered us. We are also to hold up the hands of those already in the field by our prayers, and this is of great importance. Earnest prayer should accompany all our gifts, that God will make them effectual in spreading the gospel; and this is one reason why I am a member of the missionary society. The earnest prayers that are there offered for the missionaries, for the converts, and for the gifts sent, help to move the hand that moves the world. The late Dr. Dales said, "Missionary intelligence must be circulated, contributions must be solicited, and funds raised here at home to carry on the work abroad; and young men and young women should be in training ready to respond to the call." Who will go for us, saying "Here are we, send us?" All this work can be done to better advantage through the society. It gives an inspiration to be a member of the society. "In union there is strength." As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth a man the countenance of his friend. Being a member of the society promotes regularity and method in giving. When we become members of the society we are called upon to forget self, and give of our time and means to the cause of Him who gave his life for us. We would thus learn to love his cause more and more. As he has given himself for us, we should be willing to give in return a portion of our means to aid in the work of spreading the glad tidings of the gospel. Our responsibility is great, and upon the church and every individual in it rests this responsibility. It is the duty of every Christian to do what he can to save others. It is the duty of every church to send the gospel to those who have it not.

It is impossible for all to be missionaries in the common meaning of the term. Hence we have the society to raise funds to send others. It is not the greatness of the gifts, but the hearty response to the call to labor together with him, not alone, for if so how unsuccessful our efforts would be, but with Christ

at our side and our hand in his hand. Oh! the great good that may be done. Sisters of this presbyterial society, this is why I am a member of the regularly organized missionary society and am working in union with other members of the church for the evangelization of the world.

THE MISSIONARY WIFE.

Written by Mrs. H. E. Wilson, of Octoraro, for the Philadelphia Presbyterial, March 27, 1894, and read by Mrs. J. M. Knipe.

WOMAN'S work has been blessed in all ages in the evangelization of the world. Those who ministered to Christ, and those who assisted the apostles, were but the ante-type of the missionary wife of to-day. Her mission is indeed a high and holy one, yet one that calls for much self-denial and many cruel separations. Courage of the most resolute kind is required to face the stern necessity of leaving home and friends and native land, and bearing the toil and isolation which is the natural hand-maid of a missionary career.

The struggle between duty and inclination is often intense. Especially must this be the case with a person of retiring disposition. It requires a double portion of grace to lay such a sacrifice upon the altar of duty and say, "Here I am, Lord; send me."

These are but the beginnings of sorrows. We find her pathway all along strewn with trials of a peculiar nature. If children are given to her, she realizes in a special manner that they are but lent. She takes all the pleasure she can with them while they are small, well knowing that with increasing years must come the dreaded separation. The physical, mental and spiritual welfare of her children demand this separation. The climate of our mission stations is too enervating for their physical development, their education must be entrusted to friends at home, and for the sake of their spiritual welfare, no missionary mother wants to see her children reared amid heathen environment.

Another dark foreboding thought presents itself: "What if I or my loved ones fall by the way?" True in one sense it matters not whether the believer's dust awaits the resurrection in Egypt, in India, or at home—it belongs to Jesus and is in the care of a covenant-keeping God. Still the thought is natural and pleasing that at last we may be laid with kindred dust. Even Jacob with all his faith said "Bury me not, I pray thee, in Egypt," and Joseph on his death bed gave commandment that his brethren should carry up his bones from hence. Yet grace has been able to overcome even this obstacle, as in the case of the venerated Mrs. Lansing (and perhaps others) who desired that all that was mortal of her should rest in Egypt, among those she loved and for whom she labored.

The missionary wife has her own peculiar encouragements and discouragements. Having given her all into the Master's keeping, she is happy in the thought of being permitted to do something for the advancement of his cause and kingdom. And when the magnitude of the work bursts upon her she comforts herself with the gracious promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

Although she comes to the field with full purpose of heart to devote her life to the Master's work, she has need again and again of heart-felt consecration. It is harder to live an earnest Christ-like life in a heathen land, surrounded by the debasing influences of heathenism, than

in a Christian land where the sweet influences of Christianity are felt on every side. The missionary wife needs to come home at least once in ten years, to tone up, morally and socially, as well as physically. She, of all wives, must be a true and loving help-meet to her husband. Although unable to engage in public duties to the same extent as her unmarried sister, she can always cultivate the home field. Her life is not a narrow one when used in directing the endeavors of her family and ministering to their wants. In this capacity she is giving an object-lesson in true home-making and home-keeping to her heathen sisters that can not help being productive of good results.

Many avenues of public usefulness are however, open to her; and it is necessary that she be not only apt to teach, but also possess a teachable spirit. If she has a special aptitude for acquiring language her initiatory work will be comparatively easy, otherwise it will be a work of great difficulty and discouragement. The missionary wife is but flesh and blood, like any other woman. She has been wooed and won, no doubt, in the ordinary way, with perhaps no thought that the tie that binds her to her husband will cause then sundering of others almost dear as life itself. When she leaves our shores, she takes her social nature with her, and she is at all times entitled to our sympathy, our prayers, and our cordial support. To be successful and find enjoyment in her work, she must feel well and strong for it, hence every precaution should be exercised in regard to health.

And last, but not least in the missionary wife's qualifications, she should posses good common sense. No matter what superstructure may be raised, if this corner stone is lacking her work will be a failure. For her encouragement she has the testimony of an approving conscience and the blessed promise "Lo! I am with you, even unto the end of the world." "For there is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake and the gospel's, but he shall receive an hundred fold." Now, in this time, houses and brethren and children and land, with persecutions; and in the world to come everlasting life.

Missionary Correspondence

LETTERS FROM EGYPT.

EDITORS MAGAZINE:

GENERALLY speaking, Egypt is the land of blue skies and radiant sunshine. South of Cairo very little rain falls; but, during the winter months, at Cairo, Alexandria, and intervening points, the clouds thicken, and some days are dark and dreary. However, the number of such days stand no comparison with the many in America.

Luxor, the site of ancient and historic Thebes, is four hundred and thirty miles south of Cairo. Rain falls here seldom more than once a year. Last week we had a taste of real American weather. Instead of waking up to behold the sun springing up in the east on wings of glory, and a blue sky above, clouds intervened. We questioned the meaning, well knowing that God controls the universe, that he can turn sunshine into darkness as well as change the heart of man. Soon a sound as of thunder is heard. Was it really true? We go to the baloony, and

hearing again the roaring sound are convinced it is thunder. And what more do we see but the lurid flame of lightning in yonder cloud? How strange to see in this strange land, yet it is from him who led the Israelites by a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night.

The rain fell steadily until noon, when the clouds cleared away and we again beheld the beautiful sunlight. If, after the rain-clouds, the natural sun appears to us so glorious and beautiful, how much more so shall be the appearance of the Sun of Righteousness when the storms of life are past.

Oh, with what delight we watched the falling rain. It came as an April shower from over the sea, and fondly we thought, my country; of thee.

The native people were not so delighted. Their houses are ill-adapted for the rain upon the roof; indeed, some have no roofs at all, while others are made of corn-stalks, palm-branches, or a kind of cement; and perhaps their only garment is the one upon their back. They have no such curiosities as water-proof coats, rubber shoes or rubber hats. The sound of thunder and the fire in the sky caused many to fear and tremble. Three native men took shelter under a tree in Karnak, near the Great Temple. Two were killed by lightning and the third shocked. Wild were the reports as to the cause of their death. Some came in excitement, telling us a large stone had fallen upon them from above and vanished quickly away, and then added; "But it was all from God." How fitting here the admonition, "Prepare to meet thy God."

This day one week ago I witnessed for the first time the Coptic Easter service. A chapter was read from each of the four gospels pertaining to the passion of Christ, first in Coptic, then in the Arabic language. A little boy, wrapped in a purple robe, then took a position to the left of the High Priest, who stood upon a raised platform. The boy held in his hands the picture of the crucifixion. The people arose to their feet with faces toward the East, crossed themselves as they bowed one hundred times, exclaiming each time, "Lord, have mercy!" Then they turned to the west, north and south, and bowed as above, except using different exclamations. They turned a second time to the East, and bowed fifty times, 450 times in all. Through the lattice-work which separates the women from the men we could see the poor women going through this sad rite. The little boys, heedless of the reverent manner of the men, intentionally struck and pushed each other, laughing all the while as if it were mere play.

But sadder still was it to see them carry that picture to a room called the temple, and there covering it with a few roses and leaves and walking around it in a circle while one read a portion of scripture in Coptic. And this is called the burial of Christ.

The following Saturday night Christ is said to be raised. The people congregate in the church, chapters are read pertaining to the resurrection, the priests and deacons enter the temple and there pray, the doors are closed, and soon low voices are heard within, saying one to the other, "Christ is risen." The congregation takes up the cry, and all are shouting, "Christ is risen." The door of the temple is opened, and a picture of the risen Saviour is brought forth. Thus the greatest event in the world's history is celebrated in mere mockery.

Not long since we visited a town of about 8,000 inhabitants. We have there a girls' school, a boys' school, twenty church members, but no church and at present no evangelist. In fifteen houses visited only three women could read. Asking one woman well advanced in years if she knew the Son of God, she replied, "Yes.' I asked what is his

name? She then said, "I do not know; I can not read, and who will teach us?" At another house I entered a room where sat at least eight women talking, while near by on the floor lay a young woman apparently very ill and suffering. Making known the object of my coming, they were quite ready to have me read and pray, which I did as best I could in my adopted tongue. As we read we talked of what we were reading, and I was sorry not to be able to fathom all of their thoughts. They asked me if I would not stay in their town and teach them to read. They insisted on my staying longer with them to talk, and with reluctance I said goodbye, especially to the ill one, who looked at me with a pleading, pitiful eye.

Oh! Christian friends! There are many such as these going down to death without Christ. How shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher?

These are not mere stories you read about, but existing realities in your mission field in Egypt. May each one who reads these lines prayerfully consider her present duty in rescuing these perishing souls.

With this appeal to each one of your hearts, I close this letter, lacking aught else but the simple words of

Yours in Christ's name,

A. E. NICHOL.

ASSIOUT, EGYPT, March 26.

EDITORS MAGAZINE:—Since we always prefer to read, or speak, or write of things that are the most enjoyable to us, allow me to begin my letter to you by telling you of the one thing that must certainly rejoice many a heart in this country this night, namely, the close of the fast of Ramadan. This is a Mohammedan fast which continues during the month of Ramadan, and the followers of the prophet are supposed to taste neither food nor drink from the time that they can distinguish between a black thread and a white one in the morning until sunset in the evening.

In order that no one may make a mistake in the time, a cannon is fired off regularly every morning and evening. No doubt it has the desired effect. But its position being near to us here, it also has the effect of making every hair of my head incline to raise straight up from its root at these regular intervals, and this is what enables me to rejoice with those who rejoice at the close of this great fast. Following this is the great feast of Beyram, which lasts for several days, and those who have been fasting seem to try to make up for it during this great feast. In a short time now the Coptic feast will begin, after their fast of fifty days.

Many, many times during the past month have I found myself repeating Matthew 11: 29. "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, and ye shall find rest unto your souls, for my yoke is easy and my burden is light."

I wish to tell you also of what has seemed to me a very interesting and encouraging factor of the work here this spring,—what might, I think, be termed a students' volunteer movement: Young men of the higher classes in the college going out by twos to villages, carrying a message of dying love to those who are not able to support an evangelist. "The poor have the gospel preached to them." There are seven or eight of these villages within reach of Assiout. That is, they can start by 7 o'clock in the morning and be back by late dinner time, either to walk or go by donkey.

This work is under the management of the men's missionary society of the Assiout native congregation, who arrange the work and direct the students where to go, some of its members also uniting with them in their efforts to

carry the gospel to these places. Thus these young men can perform the part of an evangelist in the morning, and be back in time for the Sabbath-school service in the college in the afternoon. Many of them, perhaps all of them, are teachers in this school.

We feel encouraged, and cannot but think that the society will be blessed in this undertaking, and trust that many souls may be brought to the light of the gospel of Christ. May the Lord bless his work and to his name be the praise.

Yours truly,

MAY ROSE HART.

MOHARREM BEY, ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT, April 15, 1895.

EDITORS MAGAZINE: April has come and has given us a warm embrace; the hot winds and the scorching noontide cause us to realize that summer is indeed here; and although for several months past all our letters from the home-land have been freighted with cold-breeze messages, tales of bitter cold days and the unmerciful nip of Jack frost, yet we have been as it were dandled in the lap of spring. Grim winter seems to have been so busy with his hard work elsewhere that he did not even think of giving us one cold breeze, and now the depressing summer is coming and we feel the lack of the stamina which a colder winter might have given us, to battle with the trials of King Sol's melting rays.

The great fast of Ramadan, for which the Mohammedan seems to think the whole world should respectfully stand back in awe, has again passed. They have had their feast which closes Ramadan, reveled in their fine silk velvets and gay colored prints, and settled down to ordinary life. But now Easter comes and claims our attention. There being so many feasts to keep the girls out of school, we have closed for two weeks vacation.

Since the school opened, in October, many things have been the cause of much thought, depressed spirits and sadness of heart, and yet again there has been that which rejoices as well. At first the number of pupils in school was not at all cheering, but now the rooms are just about as full as we can accommodate in the building we have. All the children attend the Sabbath school, but some of them are very irregular. Feasts and vacations seem to have a demoralizing effect, and after each we must make an extra effort to get them back to the Sabbath-school; then they are likely to attend pretty regularly until the next feast, when the same thing must be done over again.

Several of the older girls come on Sabbath morning and go with me to church, which is some distance away. It is certainly a drawback to our work here in Alexandria that we have no church building of our own. If we had our schools and church all in one building it would be so much easier to get our pupils into church. The force of habit would bring many, while to get them to go away to another part of the city is not an easy matter.

Some of our girls cannot attend church because of the strong feeling against us in their homes. Sabbath-schools and day-schools are all right, but to go and hear a sermon in the Christian's church is something they cannot permit.

It seems to be an understood fact that if anyone attends the Christian church, he is a Christian in his heart. When I see this, how often have I thought of the many who attend Christian churches and who are not taking up His cross and following Him who died to save them.

I have noticed a different spirit among the older girls for several months back, a disposition to talk about the weightier matters of life and to reason together. After one of these discussions, one of the

Jewesses, a lovely girl with such an amiable disposition that you notice it whenever you see her, said, "I am sure of one thing, they (speaking of us) keep their Sabbath much better than we do ours, and after this I am going to spend more of my time on Sabbath reading my Bible." A good resolution, and I believe she will do as she has said. May your prayers be with her that the Holy Spirit may shed light upon the pages as she reads, and reveal to her the Lamb which taketh away our sins.

A little Coptic girl has been a great comfort to me, although she knows it not. Her ever-willingness to please, her great desire to know the right from the wrong, and to endeavor to follow the right, has made me hope for a bright future for her. A short time ago the native teacher came to me and said, "Gimmeyanah (this little Coptic girl) asks such strange questions when we have our Scripture lesson—about the Holy Ghost, why Christ does not give his disciples power to heal now as he did when on earth, etc. Perhaps God has chosen her for one of his workers in his vineyard.

My visits to the homes of our pupils reveals that there is an opening in this quarter of the city for a Bible woman, and I have been looking for one for some time but have as yet failed to find a suitable person.

A Mohammedan woman, who had heard of my visits to her neighbors, sent for me to go and see her. I went and found her sitting on the floor with a half dozen Muslim girls around her, all sewing. She is the wife of a blind man and teaches these girls to sew that she may earn a living for herself and husband. She wanted me to send her a teacher, but when I found she wanted to learn French I said it was impossible for me to do that. I had a testament in my hand. She took it and read part of a chapter; then she said, "When I read this I will go to the school for another Gospel." I have not heard from her since, but I hope she is reading to the girls as they work together at their sewing.

I am cordially received wherever I go, but one place I had considerable trouble to get the gateman to allow me to enter; but seeing I was not going to be put off he went to his mistress and I was allowed to pass in. His mistress proved to be an invalid and has been confined to her room for years. She seemed glad to see us; and after a talk with her she promised to speak to her husband about sending their daughter to our school. She is a Coptic woman and said she wanted the Gospels taught to her daughter.

In another home I was asked to tell a story, and of course I told them a Bible story, which seemed to please them very much. Thus, here a little and there a little, the seed is being sown, and as we sow we look upward for His blessing, knowing that His kingdom will advance even in this great and wicked city where the Sabbath is not known, where the theatre and the ball, civilization's bosom vipers, flash their dazzling glitter even into the faces of those who have ventured out from the closed walls of the hareem.

If it were not for the strength from on high our hearts would faint and fail. Forget not, O, forget not, to pray for Alexandria, for the battle must be a fierce one.

We are all thankful to have Mrs. McFarland with us again, as we partake of our daily meals, atter having been confined to her room for two weeks with influenza. We hear that the influenza has found its way to the other stations, and that a number of the missionaries are suffering with it.

The clock strikes two and my letter lengthens, so I will say goodbye.

Yours sincerely,

LENORA J. MCDOWELL.

LETTER FROM INDIA.

SIALKOT, March 18, 1895.

EDITORS MAGAZINE:

The report of the middle school examination is just in and the result compared with other schools has been good. In the whole of the Punjab less than one-third of the boys passed. The examination was difficult. Seven of the eleven sent up from the Training Institute were successful. The examination took place early in January. Since that time those boys have all been at work in the different districts where their homes are. They were a nice class of students, and we hope they will make good workers. During the holidays, the week of sports, given by the Government to all the Sialkot district schools, took place on the common near the sudder bazar. The cricket players competed for the silver belt as usual. The Training Institute students gained it this year, and if they are able to defend it for the next two years, they will get possession of it. They also took several other prizes. This was all the vacation they had, and they seemed to enjoy it. This has been a cold winter, and as they have no fires many have had colds, and some have been quite ill. In their own little mud huts at home there is but one opening, —the door—and on wet and cold days the cooking is done in one corner of the room, thus making it warm and comfortable. Here the rooms are large and airy, which, according to our ideas, ought to be more healthy, but they have been used to their unventilated houses for generations, and seem to thrive in them. The weather is now warmer and nearly all are well and happy.

There are only three married students and their families here. To their wives I give lessons. Two can read imperfectly, and one is learning.

This is our most pleasant season of the year. The country is beautiful and the green wheat fields stretch out for miles, as far as the eye can reach, seemingly without any division, though there are many paths marking the boundaries of each. Orange and other fruit trees are in bloom. The gardens are full of flowers and the air is full of their fragrance.

We have been here nearly a year now and are beginning to feel at home. I confess that when the tents were pitched here for the annual meeting I felt a longing to gather up our itinerating outfit and start out among the villages. The traveling season is nearly over. The sun is quite hot during the middle of the day, and it will not be long until the tents will be packed away and the missionaries turn their attention to the cities and villages near their homes. Then come the long, hot, monotonous days, when we are shut in the house all day. The weather prophets predict a cool summer for us, because of the heavy snows that have fallen on the mountains this winter, but experience will test that.

With kindest regards,

MARY B. BARR.

FOREIGN NEWS BUDGET.

MARY B. REID.

Assiout.

Miss Jessie J. Hogg, who for several years has successfully superintended the Pressly Memorial institute, departed for Scotland some time in March, having been granted five months of absence for needed rest. This period, includes the regular summer vacation.

Miss Hogg received appointment in the year 1886, soon after the death of her father, Rev. John Hogg, D. D., who labored most successfully for twenty-six years in connection with the United Presbyterian mission work in Egypt. The daughter from the beginning of her work has been connected with the Girls' Boarding-school, and a part of the time has borne very heavy responsibilities. That she can be allowed only five months for rest after nine years of labor, shows the great need of more missionary women in Egypt. During Miss Hogg's absence the institution is under the care of Miss Carrie Buchanan. We cull from a letter of Miss Buchanan the following:

"Miss Hogg went home just after the meeting of the association, leaving me 'monarch of all I survey,' and that which I survey the most of the time is about 150 Egyptian girls, who have about as many wants and wishes as an equal number of white girls, and as their wishes are expressed in Arabic, it takes a little more time to fully understand them, than if they were made known in English. But I am really enjoying the work, though it keeps me busy every moment. The school is at present very full, and we can take no more boarders without crowding more than it is wise to do. Our Sabbath-school is also larger than last year. It is a very pleasant sight to watch the long lines of girls march over to the college for the Sabbath-school review.

The hot weather has already come in earnest and we are all rather dreading the long eight weeks before vacation. Yesterday we had a violent dust-storm, which has cooled the air somewhat. These dust-storms have something similar in effect upon the air that thunder-storms do at home."

Miss Anna Y. Thompson has not been well for some time, and has done very little writing for months. We were glad to receive a letter from her the first of May. She will spend the summer vacation out of Egypt. We remember that one of the ladies wrote not long after Miss Thompson's last return from America. "Miss Thompson has plunged into work again with all the might she has. I wonder how long she will be able to keep up, or hold out at the rate she has begun." A little halt in the rush has been needed for some time. Miss Thompson says in her letter:

"At a recent communion of the Mission church at Cairo, the heart of Miss Ella O. Kyle was much rejoiced by seeing seven of the older girls in Ezbey keeya school, of which she has charge, come forward and profess their faith in Christ."

"We are encouraged in general in our work, and hope that the prayers for the work in this field are being answered. Just now we have a vacation in the schools for a week, as this is Easter time and Monday is reckoned a universal holiday. There is much influenza prevailing in Cairo, and several in the mission circle have been completely laid up because of it, and are just beginning to sit up again. Yesterday we had our first rain for the season, and this morning men are around with carts carrying away the mud and water. We hope that the approaching missionary convention will be a pleasant and profitable one."

Miss McCahon, who arrived in the home land a month ago, has kindly given us a few notes from a recent India letter, concerning the girls' boarding school, which institution is very dear to the heart of the one who fostered it with tender care, until her health became so impaired, that, like many another faithful worker, she was compelled to commit the object of her love to other hands, while an effort is being made to win back health and strength. The letter told her of the good progress her girls had made during the past year, of successful examinations and promotions to higher grades. There had been a new departure in the closing exercises; a jalsa or real exhibition had been given, in which the girls had acquitted themselves very creditably; the singing had been especially good. The Boys' Training-school had also closed a most successful year, the boys having taken high grades after their examinations. Because of the heat, the missionaries at this time of the year are compelled to abandon all district work and confine themselves to work in the center stations, and ere long we will hear of the mothers and little ones being sent to the hills for protection against the great heat and summer diseases, which are so trying on the health and strength of little children even in this country.

Miss McKown, who returned from Egypt last year, is once more in the neighborhood of Pittsburg. After the meeting of the General Assembly her friends may call upon her at the Home for the Aged, at Wilkinsburg, Pa.

Miss Elizabeth McCahon expects to spend the summer months with a sister, Miss Jennie McCahon, who has charge of one of the industrial departments in the Freedmen's work at Knoxville, Tenn.

Rev. J. O. Ashenhurst and wife arrived in this country from Egypt a month ago. Mrs. Ashenhurst has many friends in Monongahela Presbyterial society who will be glad to meet her again, and hear her tell of her varied mission work and life, on the Ibis.

Miss Campbell, in a letter dated April 2, says:

"We have just finished the examinations, and our girls nearly all passed. With only two or three exceptions all passed higher than last year. It was an exceedingly stiff examination, but this was at my request.

Tomorrow Mrs. Rodgers (the government school inspectress) comes to examine our school, and we start off on the government scheme for Girls' Vernacular schools.

(The examination first mentioned was conducted by a committee of the lady missionaries appointed by the mission, who constitute a board of directors.)

Did you know we had long preparation for a jalsa? (This is similar to an exhibition.) It came off yesterday, April 1st, and everyone pronounced it a success. We all felt so thankful the girls did so nicely. There was a very nice audience—nearly thirty missionaries and a large number of natives. We had the chapel nicely decorated, and Miss Mamie Martin played the organ. Our girls never sang sweeter, never seemed more at ease, and never read better than they did at the Jalsa (Julsaw.) They asked the Lord to help them and He did. I have the promise of several new girls, but none have come yet."

In speaking of the difficulty of getting teachers and assistants, Miss Campbell remarks:

"It all worries me not a little. * * * Gradually I hope we shall get women teachers. An Anglo-Vernacular Department is to be introduced into the school when the girls come for instruction—girls who can pay the fees."

This exhibition of which Miss C. writes is the first thing of the kind ever held in the school, so naturally the girls would feel nervous and excited. They are to be congratulated that they did so well. The exercises consisted of singing, essays, and the distribution of prizes to those who received the highest grades in their studies, and to the best in the domestic department.

JUNIOR MISSIONARY SOCIETIES.

MILLER'S FERRY, ALA.,
April 29, 1895.

DEAR FRIENDS:

HRS. HERRON, president of the Women's Board, while visiting the mission here last March, asked me to write a brief sketch of my life and send it to Mrs. Stevenson for publication.

When I was ten years old I lost the use of my legs from a severe attack of fever. When I began to recover I was so weak for nearly six months that during that time I could only lay on my stomach and crawl like a worm over the floor. After I had gained strength enough in my back, I began to crawl, and have never improved beyond that. I have never been able to walk a step since my sickness.

My father was blind long before I became a cripple, my mother was old, my brothers and sisters all married but two, and very poor and unable to help me. These things kept me out of school until I was twenty-one years old, so in 1889 I decided to go to school if I had to live in a goods box, but just as I was about to make application for a large box God opened up a way by which I got an opportunity to attend the mission school. Mr. Richard Madison, son of one of the elders of the United Presbyterian congregation here, took me home with him and told me all he would charge me for board was to get good lessons and obey the teachers. I went to school, hot and cold, rain or shine. Sometimes the ground would be white with frost, and bare footed and without gloves, with the knees of my pants out and otherwise

ragged, I would crawl to and from school like a baby, and often when I got to the school-house my hands and feet would ache so I would cry like a child. When it was raining I would roll my pants above my knees and my coat sleeves above my elbows and crawl through the mud and water. Sometimes the water was up to my elbows and I would be so wet and muddy that I was ashamed to go into the school-room, but the teacher would tell me to come in. The teacher gave me better clothes and shoes, but still I crawled to school three sessions, till Mrs. T. E. Johnson, one of my teachers, passed through Iowa, traveling with Miss E. B. Wallace, and spoke of my condition in her speech concerning the condition of things at Miller's Ferry, Ala., and Mrs. A. M. Pace being present became interested in me and sent me five dollars with which I bought a yoke of goats and a little wagon, in which I go to school every day.

Dear friends, I am glad that God has overruled my difficulties and turned then into blessings. I finished this term the course of study in the Freedmen's Mission School, and can now gain a livelihood by teaching in the county schools. I owe a debt of gratitude to my teachers and the kind friends in the North.

HOLBERT WRIGHT.

From the United Presbyterian.

"The junior missionary society may feel interested in hearing something about Prairie Bluff, where the Jennie Hastings Gillespie Memorial School is to be located. It is in the state of Alabama, a landing on the Alabama River, between Selma and Mobile. The mission is two miles from the river, and four miles from Catharine, the nearest railroad station. The population is almost entirely black, very few white people living in the neighborhood. Separated and isolated from Christian influences, they are almost as ignorant as in the days of slavery, and without some helping hand to start them in the right way would remain so for years to come. Poor, neglected mortals, careless and happy in their ignorance, yet eager and anxious to be taught, no one can visit them and not feel pity for their forlorn, forsaken condition in the midst of the Christian states of America. In building this memorial school you are going to assist in giving these people a chance to improve and better their condition.

"Let me picture to you the work as it is now carried on: The room is capable of accommodating seventy or eighty children; the average attendance 144; the benches are so crowded you wonder how the little folks at the end stick on; very few books of any kind; no desks; some, kneeling on the floor, their paper spread on the benches, write the lesson as it is read out by the teacher from one of the few precious books in their possession; and, worse than all, the confused, distracting sound made by several classes reciting at the same time. Bear all this in mind, and it will give you a faint idea of the difficulties under which the children at Prairie Bluff are pursuing knowledge. Be assured you are doing grand work in erecting this building. Yes, you are making it possible for these children to have a chance to become intelligent, honest, industrious Christian men and women.

"Mr. H. J. Oliver, who has charge of this mission, as you may know, is a graduate of Knoxville College, and, notwithstanding the many discouragements, is enthusiastic over his work, and untiring in his effort to improve the condition of his people. We must not forget to mention the valuable assistance Mrs. Oliver is giving. In addition to her household work and the care of her child, she teaches in school several hours every day, taking her baby with her, walking to and from the school, which is some distance from the home—doing all this without remuneration.

"Pray that God may bless and pity all who enter this Memorial School. Do not let your interest flag, and when the building is erected we may ask your assistance for other work in connection with this mission."

The school building at Prairie Bluff will be on the cottage plan, viz., one story, with a small tower, which will give the building a better appearance (less

squatty), and serve for the bell as well. There will be five school rooms, two 25x31 feet, the others, I think, 16x24 feet. The school is divided, or graded, I suppose, into primary, intermediate, and grammar. Cost, $1,286, and to be completed by the opening of the next school year. The amounts received for this building up to April 15, as reported by the treasurer and junior blanks received by the junior secretary, are as follows: Junior missionary societies, $587.91; women's missionary societies, $144; junior unions and endeavor societies, $27. You will see that about one-half the amount necessary for this building has been paid in. These amounts come from less than one-half of our presbyterials. Are there not others who would like to have a share in this building? This is the special work of our juniors. It is to be over and above the pledges already made. Advance here must not mean retrenchment elsewhere.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THE ANNUAL MEETING.

When Jesus was upon earth, women and women's work were especially favored. So to-day in this nineteenth century, the presence and influence of the Holy Spirit are felt in the missionary meetings of our women. As it has been my privilege to attend but two of these gatherings, I cannot from experience compare the last one with those that have gone before, but I felt, and I think all present had the same experience that it was good to be there.

The twelfth annual meeting of the Women's General Missionary Society convened in Summit Avenue church, Jersey City, Tuesday evening, May 14, 1895. The platform was decorated with a border of growing plants, flowers and bunting. Upon the wall were banners on which were printed the statistics of the society and its departments. One showed that the society was organized in 1885 with sixteen Presbyterials; now it has fifty-four. Number of Presbyteries reported were sixteen, now sixty-two. The congregational societies were three hundred and thirty-five, now eight hundred and ninety-seven. Its members and contributions have doubled.

The society was called to order on the evening of May 14th by Mrs. J. J. Andrews, of New York, a bright, cherry little person, whose animated face showed She had come full of enthusiasm in missionary work, expecting to give much and take much from the meeting.

The address of welcome by Mrs. Arney Biddle, wife of the pastor of the church where the society convened, was full of cordial welcome to both church and homes. The time marked a peculiar epoch in the history of both the church and society, as this year was the twelfth anniversary of both. Her concluding remarks were "Trusting that the Spirit of God may be with you in all your deliberations and that the results of the meeting may be such as shall live throughout the ages, in the salvation of many souls and the advancement of our Redeemer's kingdom, we greet you and bid you God speed."

In the brief space alloted me, it would be impossible to give a synopsis of all the responses. Suffice it to say, Mrs. J. J. Andrews responded in behalf of officers and delegates. Maria White, M. D., in behalf of foreign missionaries, Miss Lyda A. McCool, of home missionaries, and Mrs. A. R. Herron read greetings from the Women's Board.

Following these responses came the President's address by Mrs. W. W. Barr, who does not need an introduction

to our readers, as she is one whom we all delight to honor. Her paper was what we might expect from a true Christian woman, one who has all her life been interested in the uplifting of woman and the furtherance of Christ's cause. I urge all to read her article, which has already been published in our church papers. After her address a half hour was given to hand-shaking, while the committee on entertainment assigned the delegates to their respective places. It would require too much time to take up all the reports on the programme, but if I understand the sentiment of the convention the majority present favored only one Junior society, devoting three Sabbath evenings of the month to the Junior Young People's society, and one to the Junior Missionary society, keeping the money separate, one passing through the missionary, the other through the Young People's society. Still quite a number advised the organization of several societies, to embrace the children of different ages. We regretted Mrs. Wilson was not present to read her carefully prepared paper on the "Origin and Meaning of the Name Christian," but we think justice was given it by Mrs. Campbell, of Princeton, Ind.

The evening sessions were held in the Bergen Reformed church, it being quite a large structure.

Wednesday evening was devoted to Junior rally and Thank-offering service. Mrs. Biddle's little folks gave us quite an interesting recital on home and foreign missionary work. A historical sketch of India and Egypt was recited. The children answered questions on mission work and recited without mistake the entire lists of books in the bible.

The Thank-offering service was conducted by Mrs. Campbell, of Princeton. This service included a responsive reading, a number of prayers and psalms. The ninety-sixth psalm was sung while the offering was taken, which amounted to $14,534 52. A number of consecration prayers were offered. Thursday morning, after devotional exercises and roll-call, a paper on medical missions and zenana work, written by Dr. Sophia E. Johnson of India, was read. This paper pleaded for endowment of more beds in the different hospitals. Six hundred dollars endows a bed. If ten beds are furnished, the government endows ten more. So when the church provides for ten beds, it really means twenty.

Mrs. Tillie Scott Johnson's address on "Mission Work in the Black Belt" was one of the strongest pleas for the negro race that I ever heard. She grew quite eloquent at times. How I wish all could have heard it. I know you would have felt as I did, that the United Presbyterian mission to the freedmen had not been in vain. Surely, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

The question box brought out some spicy questions and answers, one question in particular, "Do the different secretaries receive salaries?" It had been reported that one of them received $2000. Mrs. H. C. Campbell's answer was a very decided negative. She deplored the ignorance of the one that asked the question. The secretaries labor for love. All they receive is their railroad fare to and from the meeting, and this has only been paid for during the last two years.

The memorial committee reported a memorial sent up from Monmouth presbytery, asking that the minutes of the general meeting be published in the July number of the MAGAZINE. A member of the board objected, as it could not be used or sent out as a book of reference as readily, so a motion to have them published separately prevailed. Reports of the secretary and treasurer of the Magazine committee were read and approved. These reports showed that the MAGAZINE had been able to hold its own during the stringency of the times. While it had not made much advancement, it had taken no backward steps. It reported about 4800 subscribers. The committee were commended for their zeal and energy in being able to carry on their work for eight years, without any financial aid from the general society, and now report a balance of about $1800 in the treasury.

The members of the Magazine Committee, having always thought that fuller reports of the work were due the society, a complete itemized account, with audi-

ted report, was given this year, and tho' the recommendations adopted by the General society do not in the least change the relations of the MAGAZINE to the society, they make them better understood.

The committee on Training-school reported that the board and professors of both Allegheny and Xenia seminaries were willing to open their doors to Christian workers without remuneration. The society accepts of this offer and urges all those desiring a better knowledge of the Bible and of Christian work, to make use of these liberal offers, and that a local committee of five be appointed at each place to confer with the professors and take charge of all matters pertaining to the school, and report at the next general meeting. Waitsburg academy asked the Women's General Missionary society to give $3000 toward the erection of a dormitory. Their cause was most ably espoused by Miss Ina L. Robertson, one of the teachers of the institution, and Mrs. Jennie Logue Campbell, of Monmouth. A member of the board explained that heretofore the board had only taken up such work as the general assembly, the highest court of the church, had assigned them. Foreign, Home and Freedmen's missions had been given, but not educational work; but granted that the general society had a right to dispose of its own funds. This privilege they made use of and granted the petition amid the cheers of the vast audience assembled, as the ladies by their earnest appeals had gained their sympathy. Much more might be said of the work of these Christian women, whose twelfth general society closed with a consecration service conducted by Mrs. Jennie Logue Campbell.

CONVENTION NOTES.

The convention was very fortunate in its officers. The President, Mrs. W. W. Barr, won all hearts by her dignified and womanly bearing and wise rulings. She had able supporters in her vice-presidents, Mrs. A. M. Campbell, of Princeton, Indiana, and Mrs. J. J. Andrews, of Andes, N. Y., both able, energetic and devoted women. The girls and boys did their part well as pages and messengers.

It was no formal welcome that awaited the delegates as they arrived at Jersey City. Rev. A. Biddle and Mrs. Biddle, along with Mrs. Leifried and the other members of the committee on entertainment, extended the heartiest hospitality and every comfort was supplied. As evidence of the Christian love existing between Summit Avenue U. P. congregation and sister churches, the Bergen Reformed church, one of the old landmarks of the city, was put at the disposal of the society for evening meetings, our own church being too small to accommodate the audiences. Many members of the Bergen church and also of the Episcopal threw their homes open to delegates.

Notwithstanding the heroic manner in which Mrs. H. C. Campbell demolished the report that she received a salary for her work as Home Secretary, and the fact that the finances of the MAGAZINE were thoroughly gone into, showing the itemized expenditures of the committee, one sister at least went away saying to herself, "Well, it did not appear, but there must be some salaries somewhere. I can not believe that those women do all that work without compensation." Continuous and uncompensated Christian work does not seem to be always understood.

Mrs. H. C. Campbell held her audience while she declaimed of Indian agents in general and the agent at Warm Springs, Oregon, in particular. She declared him a czar, a shade worse than the ruler of Russia, the autocrat of the reservation, full of whims and caprices.

The Magazine Committee heartily welcome the newly-chosen members, Mrs. S. M. Kelso, Xenia, and Mrs. H. C. Dean, Jamestown, to their force. May the new relationship only strengthen the friendships of other years, and may the efficiency of the MAGAZINE not only be added to but multiplied by the labors of these earnest workers and also by the prayers and efforts of all its friends.

The amount of Thank-offering presented was $14,000.

The Women's General Missionary Society meets in Erie, Pa., in 1896. The officers of the society are Mrs. Jean S. Sands, Pittsburgh, Pa., President; Mrs. Arney S. Biddle, Jersey City, N. J., 1st Vice President; Miss Melinda Pressly, Allegheny, Pa., 2nd Vice President; Miss

E. J. Sloan, Pittsburgh, Pa., Treasurer; Mrs. Mary W. Porter, Boston, Pa., Secretary. Members of the Women's Board, Mrs. Dr. J. A. Grier, Mrs. E. J. McPherson, Mrs. G. W. McDonald, Mrs. Mary W. Porter, Miss. E. D. Brown.

The reports presented by various members of the Women's Board were full of interest and showed an advance all along the line. Mrs. Mary W. Porter, recording secretary of the board of directors, gave a report from which we make the following extracts:

There are 897 societies in all, numbering 20,172 members. The number of magazines taken is 4,800. Contributions for the year ending April 15, 1895, are as follows: Foreign missions, $14,944; home missions, $7,837; freedmen's mission, $7,374; church extension and parsonage fund, $2,395; ministerial relief, $473; district work, $2,766; congregational, $16,163; contingent, $1,986; Orphans' Home, $622.; Memorial Hospital, $431; Aged People's Home, $745, making a total of $52,736; number of boxes given away, 856, with an estimated value of $8,914, making a grand total of $61;650. Contributions to the foreign and home missions, district work and memorial hospital were greater than in 1894. Congregational work reports a decrease of only $1,100 in contributions, amounting to $16,163. The figures show that the contributions of the women of the church are being faithfully kept up. The contributions of 1894-1895 to the five regular boards were $30,023."

The thank offerings account for 1895 was closed on July 3, and the offerings amounted to $15,918.42."

Four new missionaries have been sent to foreign fields tnis year, including Dr. Mary A. Platter, medical missionary to India. Constant correspondence is carried on in reference to the capabilities of candidates for this field, the utmost care being taken to secure women of earnest Christian purpose, with education and health necessary for teaching and life in foreign mission stations. A request has been received from the Presbyterial society in Egypt, that all join them in prayer at 9 o'clock each evening during the coming year, for the enlightenment and conversion of the Mohammedans, and an outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the missionaries and the Evangelical church in Egypt.

A sanitarium in Egypt for the use of missionaries in hot weather, is under contemplation. The endowment of Dr. Johnston's hospital at Jhelum, placing of medical missionaries on the board of Inter-Mission Medical school. at Lodianna, India, thus securing official represention; the assuming of the entire medical work in Egypt; the resolution to send out four new missionaries this year, and to educate six assistants to medical missionaries are some of the results of the secretary's work in this direction.

The success of this work depends largely upon the personal visiting of persons having no church connections, and who are urged to come to the missions which they represent, and to send their children to the Sabbath school. Women have labored faithfully in these fields.

STUDIES FOR MISSIONARY SOCIETIES FOR 1895.

JULY.—Our Educational Institutions.
AUGUST.—Our Missions on the Nile and in the Punjab.
SEPTEMBER.—Church Ex. and Min. Relief.
OCTOBER.—Indian Missions.
NOVEMBER.—Freedmen's Missions.
DECEMBER.—The Gospel in all lands.

PROGRAMME FOR JULY.

Subject.—Our Educational Institutions.
Opening Devotions.
Psalm 112:1-3. Bible Songs No 162.
Scripture Selections.—Gal. 6:2-10; Prov. 22:6.
Prayer for a special blessing upon our Educational Institutions.
Psalm 19, H. M. 5-7.
Question, (answered orally), Our Theological Seminaries. Where located? How controlled?
Paper—Need of Bible Training Schools for Christian Workers.
Question.—Our Colleges and Acadamies. How many? Where located? (See Assembly Minutes.)
Paper—Denominational Colleges for the higher education of our young men and women a necessity.
Subject for discussion—United Presbyterian Periodical Literature, Growth and Influence. Three minute talks.
Roll Call. Business.

The attention of the people should be turned more particularly to the educational institutions of our own church. The claims of other Colleges, and of State Universities. are being pressed upon the consideration of our youth, and it is a question to be decided in the near future, whether we shall educate our own workers, or give their training into the hands of others who have no interest in maintaining and perpetuating our distinctive principles.—*Report of Board of Education.*

MRS. R. S. FINLEY.

REPORTS AND MISCELLANY.

Report of Women's Board, May, 1895.

Four meetings of the Board have been held since our last report—three in April and the regular meeting in May.

Foreign Secretary reports an earnest appeal from Dr. Platter, of India, for an assistant for Miss Campbell. One would be supported by the people there, but there is no one available. A resolution was passed granting Dr. Johnston's request from India that $250 be paid to the Inter-mission medical school at Lodianna, thus giving our missionaries representation in the Board.

Home Secretary reports from Miss Black, of Warm Springs Mission, and

Dr. Alter reports work going on as usual. The removing the schools at the agency has been the cause of much anxiety, and Dr. Owens made a visit to Washington City in the interests of our mission in this matter. In an interview he was told that the reason for the removal of the school was that the buildings were in such bad order. It was proposed to build a parsonage at Prairie Bluff, Ala., and was decided to support two additional industrial teachers in the Freedmens work. An appeal has been received from Miller's Ferry and Prairie Bluff for an agricultural training-school, signed by a committee of teachers and giving amount needed for utensils. This project being favorably regarded, it was decided to ask the Freedmen's Board to unite with us, in petition, to give assistance and to commit this work for our colored people to the Women's General Society as special work for the women of the church. The annual reports prepared for the convention were heard and approved. Treasurer reports March receipts, $4291.62; March disbursements, $4256.85. The recommendation of the Thank-offering secretary that a Secretary of Thank-offering be appointed in presbyterial societies, was endorsed.

MRS. MARY W. PORTER, Sec'y.

IN MEMORIAM.

Mrs. Phoebe Burnett.

The Women's Missionary Society of Olathe, Kansas, desire to record their testimony to the christian life and character of Mrs. Phoebe Burnet, whose death occurred at Excelsior Springs, Mo., January 14, aged 67 years, 7 months, 15 days. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his Saints."

Respectfully, COMMITTEE.

Cedar Rapids Presbytery.

The Presbyterial Ladies' Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian church, Cedar Rapids Presbytery, will meet in Garner, June 18th and 19th.

PROGRAM.

Tuesday, 7:30 p. m.—"Devotional and Consecration Service," conducted by the President; Welcome, Garner; Response, Goldfield; Recitation, Young Lady, Garner; Children's Exercise, Garner.

Wednesday, 9 a. m.—Devotionals, led by Pratt Creek; Roll Call, answered by Scripture Thanksgiving Verses; Minutes of last Annual Meeting; Appointment of Committees; Reports of Local Societies, Presbyterials, Treasurer, Recording Secretary, Junior Missionary secretary, Women's Association secretary and other business. Conference, "How to Become Interested in Missions," and "How to Give," opened by Second Cedar Rapids, and followed by members of the society.

Wednesday, 2 p. m.—Devoitions led by Goldfield; Paper, "Thanksgiving for Blessings Manifested to the United Presbyterian church," Amity; Business Reports of Committees; Election of Officers,

Wednesday, 7:30 p. m.—"Devotional and Praise Service," Garner; Recitation, Traer; Conference—"Good Accomplished by Christian Women of the Bible," opened by Amity; "Deborah," Barclay; "Ruth," Clarion; "Miriam," Rome; "Hannah," Fairfax; "Esther," 1st Cedar Rapids; "Lydia," Traer; "Martha," Garner; "Mary," Goldfield; closed with Paper, "Possibilities for Doing Good by the Women of the Present Day," 2nd Cedar Rapids. "A Talk," by our returned missionary, Miss Young.

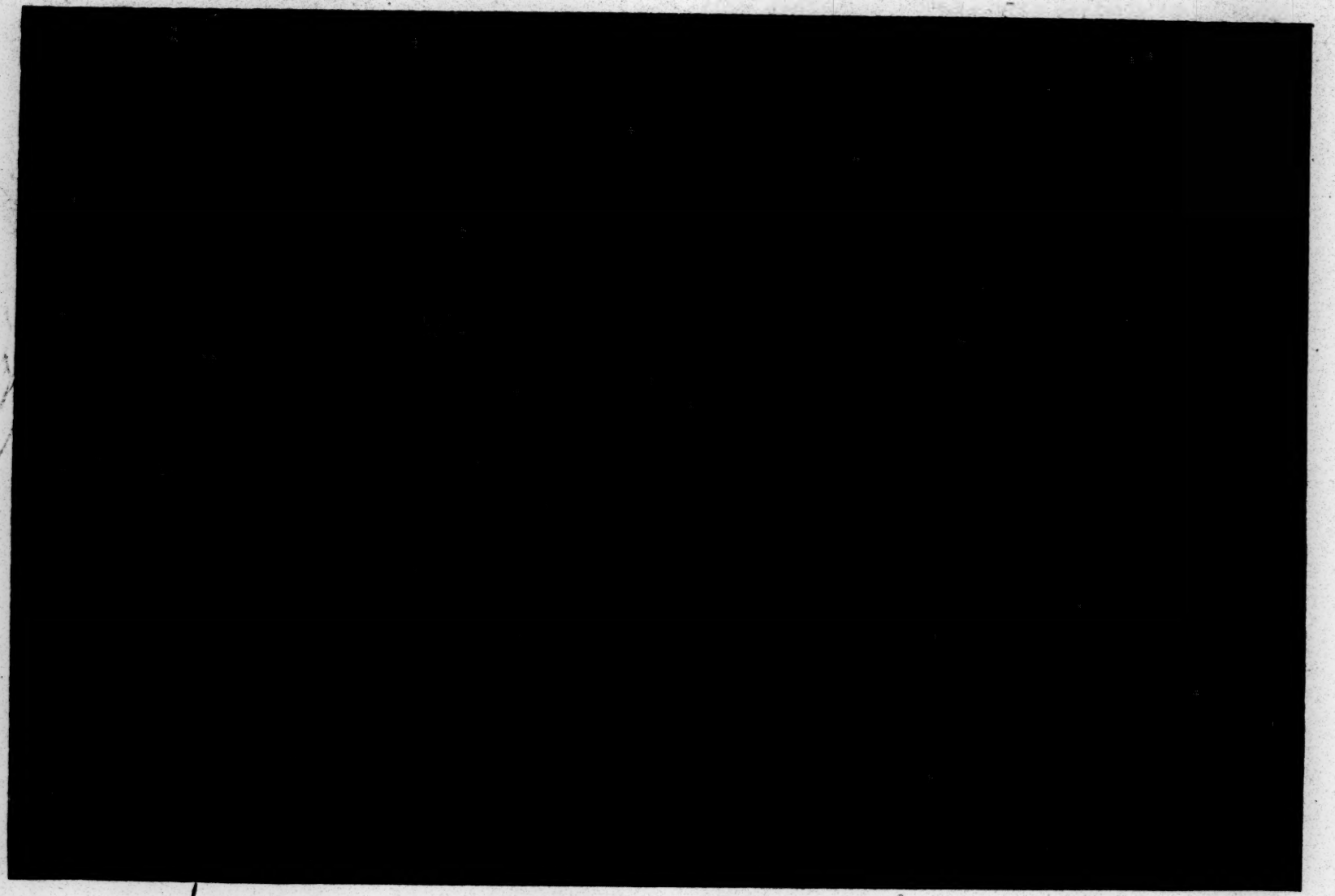
Junior Missionary societies please send delegates.

N. B.—No addresses, papers, or talks to exceed ten minutes in length. MRS. J. P. MCDANIEL, President.

Sidney Presbytery.

The Ladies' Missionary Society of Sidney Presbytery held its annual meeting at Bellefontaine, O., April 2 and 3. The president, Miss Lizzie Waddle, conducted the devotional exercises and delivered the opening address.

Mrs. O. L. H. Cook extended a cordial greeting to delegates and friends, to which the president responded in behalf of the society. Delegates were present from eleven of the fifteen auxiliaries and one junior society. Mrs. Shannon read a paper prepared by Mrs. A. J. Lowry, of Leipsic, entitled "A Glance Southward." We were favored with two Bible readings; one on the general work of Missions and the other on the Thank-offering. The subjects brought before the convention were of a practical nature and called forth interested discussion from the delegates. "Our Plan of Work" was opened by Mrs T. B. Arnold; "Do We Need a Missionary Society?" Miss Agnes Wallace; "Why Am I a Member?" Mrs. S. A. Rogers; "How can We Create More Interest in Our Societies?" Miss Jennie Shanks. The conference on Home Missions was opened by Mrs. M. A. Murch reading a paper on "City Missions." Those chosen to present "Prison Work" and "The Reward" were prevented from so doing by sickness in their families. Mrs. A. P. Wylie and Mrs. M. P. Robb impressed us with the importance of the "Anti-Saloon Movement." At the request of Mrs. Wylie, Miss Mattie Waddle sang a solo which was greatly appreciated. The opening of the Query Box formed an important part of the programme. "How can the zenana women be reached by baptism?" received earnest attention. A series of prayers were offered requesting more laborers to be sent in response to the recent plea from India. Mrs. N. A. Wallace, the first president of the society, conducted the memorial service. Tributes of affection to the memory of Mrs. Mary Buchanan Wishart and Mrs. Tillie Ewing Lee were read by Miss Mattie Waddle and Mrs. S. A. Rogers. Mrs. J. J. Huston read an interesting report from the Women's General Missionary meeting at Princeton, Ind. The young ladies' hour, led by Miss Fulton, was specially interesting. At this time the Y. L. S. was discussed in short papers by Miss Ella Dew, Miss Miller and Miss Mabel Aiken. Treasurer reported total receipts, $456.46; disbursements, $324.15. In addition to this, the secretary reported $508.84 expended in congregational work; contributed boxes and barrels to the value of $188.69. Amount of thank-offering, $189.82. One new society at Roundhead. Number of MAGAZINES taken in the Presbytery, 80. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Miss Lizzie Waddle; vice-president, Mrs. M. P. Robb; recording secretary, Miss Abbie Robb; corresponding secretary, Mrs. S. A. Rogers; treasurer, Mrs. E. H. Hamilton; secretary of Junior work, Miss Lulu Robinson. Mrs. J. W. Kerr was chosen delegate to the W. G. M. S., with Mrs. Dickson as alternate. Convention adjourned to meet April, 1895. LULU R. ROBINSON, See'y pro tem.



MURREE HILL STATION.